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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1909.

RETURNING CAPTURED BATTLE FLAGS.

Within the last three or four days two more captured Confederate battle flags have been returned by their Northern captors to representatives of the Southern commands from which they were taken during the Civil war. One of these was the standard of the Second Maryland Infantry and the other that of the Rifle Scouts, an Alabama Confederate organization.

The spirit which animates our Northern friends to proffer the return of these relics is admirable, yet we wish they would not do it. Or if they insist upon such manifestations of magnanimity and good feeling, then the Daily Press believes that the generous tender should be courteously but firmly declined.

Regimental colors lost in battle should remain forever lost unless by a reverse of the fortunes of war they be recaptured before the close of hostilities.

When trophy is put up against trophy to be contested for, the loser should be a game loser and decline to receive his losses back as a charitable gift.

It is no disgrace to the vanquished when the flag of an army or a subdivision thereof falls into the hands of the enemy after all possible resistance has been offered. Indeed, peculiar honor sometimes attaches to the loss of the battle emblem. Those commands which penetrated farthest into the Northern lines in Pickett's immortal charge at Gettysburg lost their regimental colors but the bearers fell under them.

We recall that ten or a dozen years ago Congress passed a resolution directing the secretary of war to return to the Mexican government the flags captured by our forces in the war between the United States and Mexico. The proffer was declined in terms as nearly approaching indignation as the language of international diplomacy would permit. Yet the friendliest relations and most cordial good feeling have existed between the two countries for more than half a century.

Mexico no longer harbored hostile feelings toward the United States as a nation nor against the American people. But Mexico made it plain that she could not, without humiliating her pride and without showing disrespect to the memory of the brave Mexican soldiers who fell defending the captured trophies, consent to avail herself of the United States government's magnanimity.

Our Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, we think, would do well to emulate the spirited example set by our international neighbors on the south.

SENATOR DANIEL WANTS BOTH.

Senator Smith of Maryland and several other Democratic Aldrich auxiliaries in the Senate have been persistent in proclaiming that their advocacy of substantial duties on this or that article was based purely upon the sound old Democratic doctrine of tariff for revenue only without a

thought of protection.

Senator Tillman, on the other hand, honestly admits that he wants a tax of ten cents a pound on tea in order to protect a man at Summerville, S. C., who is conducting a big tea farm, perhaps the only one in the United States.

But Senator Daniel is the first thus far to declare that in voting with the Republicans for a duty on iron ore, he had both objects in view—the raising of revenue and protection.

In the discussion of the iron ore schedule, according to the Associated Press report:

"Mr. Daniel, Democrat, of Virginia, wanted iron ore to pay the duty of 25 cents, as he desired the revenue, and as there was a great deal of iron land in his State not owned by the steel trust."

The Baltimore Sun appears to be unimpressed by the senator's assertion as to the abundance of iron lands in Virginia not owned by the steel trust, for it says:

"Every consideration of good policy favors the admission of iron ore free from any tax. The pretense of the protectionist is that the tariff is for the benefit of labor. Nothing would help labor more than to give the great iron industries along the seaboard free raw material. The great supply of ore in the United States is in the Lake Superior region. That is controlled by the Steel Trust, which is also said to control the iron mines of Canada. It is manifest that industries like the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrows Point, are placed at a disadvantage if they are compelled to buy their raw material from a business rival and then to pay for 1,500 miles of land transportation. If the ore is duty free, this company can get it from Cuba and have it landed at their furnaces with very small cost for transportation.

"By encouraging the iron industry on the seaboard and giving it free ore more revenue would probably come to the government than the duty on ore would produce. The thousands of men who would receive good wages would be able to buy more manufactures and more goods upon which duty is paid. The duty upon iron ore is contrary to good policy and should not be imposed. It is to be hoped that the House will stand firm and that this pernicious tax will be abolished."

Anyhow the senior Virginia senator is able to give two reasons for acting with Aldrich, Elkins, et al, whereas this less distinguished bi-party colleague have restricted themselves to a single excuse.

But Virginia always may be found in the van.

THE JUDGESHIP APPOINTMENT.

In the nomination to the Federal court bench of Judge Connor of North Carolina, an old line, consistent and unhyphenated Democrat, President Taft has shown distrust of the "trimmers" still claiming Democracy as their creed, when it comes to filling a position of the highest trust.

"Taft-Democrats" will do for post-offices, revenue commissioners and so forth wherein executive ability is at a higher premium than stability of principle and profundity and consistency of mind. But a jurist, Mr. Taft recognizes, should be something more than an oscillating person who changes his politics with his shirt and stands ready to train with either party which at the moment appears to be the stronger.

It is a toss-up which of the two gangs is the madder at the Connor appointment—the North Carolina Republicans or the North Carolina "Taft-Democrats."

Mr. Vincent H. Waggoner, a representative of the Standard Oil Company, just returned from Africa, declares with manifest symptoms of deep regret that Mr. Roosevelt is in no danger over there.

Apple Grower's Contest.

SPOKANE, WASH., May 14.—Official announcement is made by Ben H. Rice, secretary and manager of the National apple show, of which Louis W. Hill of St. Paul, head of the Great Northern Railway company, is president, that the second competitive exposition will take place in the Spokane armory, December 6 to 11, when \$25,000 in prizes will be disbursed among growers. It is announced also there will be several tracts of land, gold and silver trophy cups and special medals.

The competitions are open to the world. The first prize of \$1,000 is now held by the title of "apple king," now held by Michael Moran of Chelan county, Washington, who was awarded the premier honors last year in the carload class.

SAVING MRS. STEPSANDS.

Making Jimmy's Suits Was All Right, But—

When Mrs. Stepsands dressed Jimmy in preparation for the evening meal there were traces of excitement on her face. She turned the small boy about with many lingering pats and held him off at arm's length several times critically to view the effect. Jimmy somewhat disturbed matters by standing on one foot and hooking the other around his stationary ankle, at the same time twisting with the agility usual to small boys aged five. "It looks fine!" she concluded.

When Stepsands came puffing in after a battle with wind and snow on his way from the suburban train he was too much occupied at first in commenting fervently on the weather to notice his son particularly, but on the way to the dining room Jimmy got in full range of Stepsands' eye.

"Hello!" said Stepsands. "What's this? Jimmy in a new suit?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stepsands with elaborate indifference. "He really needed one."

"He looks different somehow," said Stepsands. "Guess it's all right, though. Where'd you get it?"

Mrs. Stepsands exploded the bomb. "I made it myself!" she said. "Every stitch of it."

Stepsands laid down the carving knife and whistled. "You don't say!" he cried. "Jimmy, come around here and let me look at you. Made it your self? Well, well!"

Mrs. Stepsands in her excitement left her seat and joined the family group, of which Jimmy was the center. "And it looks just as good as though I'd bought it," she said, triumphantly.

"Well, I should say!" agreed her husband.

"I just got tired of handing over such ridiculous sums of money for Jimmy's little suits," explained the wife. "They charge so for children's clothes—I think it is an outrage. It's out of all proportion to the amount of goods in them. And I thought I'd get a pattern and see what I could do."

"It looks splendid," said Stepsands, turning his son about.

"I didn't know whether I could make a success of it or not," went on his wife. "I was nervous, but then I thought if I did spoil the goods it wasn't expensive and I could get more. Why, Julian, that suit cost only a little over \$2! And I paid \$12 at the store for his last suit. Nearly \$10 saved."

"Think of that!" said Stepsands approvingly.

"I thought it would be lots better for Jimmy to have that \$10 toward his education than put in clothes he didn't care anything about," said his mother.

"It will mean lots more to him."

"It certainly will!" said his father. "It must have taken an awful lot of time, didn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Stepsands. "But I didn't mind. I think it's a woman's duty to spend her time on her family instead of on clubs and society."

"There aren't many women that feel that way," said Stepsands, in a self-congratulatory tone. "I think I'm lucky."

"Here I was with plenty of time on my hands," said Mrs. Stepsands, "and I felt that I wanted to have something to show for it."

"Well, you have," said her husband. "I felt so interested in the work," said his wife. "Jimmy, put your napkin up and be careful not to spill anything on yourself. It seemed as if I really was accomplishing something. If I make five or six suits a year that's nearly \$100 saved."

"Think of it!" said Stepsands. "You certainly have a head on you."

"I knew you'd think so," nodded his wife. "I've got another surprise for you, too, Julian. I was going to keep it till after dinner, but I can't wait."

She ran upstairs and approached Stepsands from the back of his chair, suddenly thrusting something into his lap. "There!" she said, triumphantly. "I made that, too! I got the goods on the remnant counter—and a pattern just like your old smoking jacket—and I made every bit of it."

"You don't say!" cried Stepsands, in something like consternation. He pushed back his chair and held up the garment gingerly.

ROYALTY WRITES COOK BOOK.

Is Said to Contain a Recipe for Irish Stew That is Superior to All Others Known.

The announcement that Queen Alexandra and Lady Dudley are to co-operate in the writing of a cookery book should make all Anglo-Saxon housewives prepare their culinary departments for an attempt at some famous dishes. The queen is known to be an adept in the kitchen and she has a recipe for an Irish stew that should make every Irishman's mouth water when he reads it, or, better still, when the recipe takes practical shape, for him, in his good wife's culinary accomplishments. That reminds us that the stew is by no means a favorite dish in this country; the average housewife looks upon it as a family dish that absorbs resurrected products of bygone meals and is never intended for company. How different in Europe, where the chef has a thousand and one ways of concocting a stew, the very memory of which inclines one to smack the lips enjoyably. Here the stew is a despised and mostly rejected thing, unless it consists of kidneys and choice portions, say, of the fowl. We may have to thank Queen Alexandra if we can see the introduction of a variety of stews such as we have tasted in Europe into our own households. With a fine relish, we say: "Oh, let it be soon!" In the matter of liquid compounds, there is the queen's famous concoction of sole gin and elderberry wine. What excitement in our kitchens a few weeks hence! The queen's determination to publish her recipes doubtless has been promoted by the success and popularity of her photograph albums, which now are to be seen on this side in number.

SENATOR WAS DOWN THE ROW.

Governor of State Outranks the Representative in the Upper Branch of Congress.

Many people will be surprised to learn that a governor outranks a senator, according to the law of precedence in vogue in other countries.

A few years ago the new senator from Vermont, Carroll S. Page, was crossing the Atlantic with the late Senator Redfield Proctor in the Cunard steamship Campania. They had, of course, seats at the captain's table. Senator then (Governor) Page was surprised to find himself occupying the post of honor, with Senator Proctor seated further down the table.

This the modest governor of the Green Mountain state thought was not quite correct and he remonstrated, explaining that there must be some error, as his friend was a United States senator and his superior in rank. He was told that a governor outranks a senator.—National Magazine.

Origin of America's Name.

It is a curious chance that America received its name from a German geographer. Old Prof. Waldseemüller made a mistake, indeed, when he named the new countries at Brazil after the Florentine Amerigo Vespucci. It would have been far more just to name the new world after Columbus, but though Waldseemüller recognized his mistake and withdrew the name, it remained in use. And curiously enough, that Amerigo Vespucci whose name gave origin to the name of America, had himself, though an Italian, still a German family name, Emmerich, Emery in English. Thus America is a continent with a German name, the meaning of which might, perhaps, be interpreted as "rich in corn." If this is correct, Prof. Waldseemüller chose an incorrect but, appropriate name.—Prof. Albrecht Penck, in Science.

Just Cause for Pride.

The man admired his wife just about as much as any man can admire a wife, nevertheless when he saw that she was devoting more and more time each day to mirror gazing he determined to take her down a peg. Said he, brutally:

"I wouldn't be so stuck on myself if I were you, just because people happen to notice you when you go out. It isn't you they're admiring; it's your clothes. I heard a bunch of women say so the other day."

For an instant the shock to the woman's vanity overpowered her, then, quickly recovering, she said:

"In that case I am prouder than ever. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed the clothes myself."

A Millinery Escape.

The woman was rushing so wildly out of a hat store that she dashed against her friend without seeing her. "What's the matter?" asked her friend. "A fire?"

"No," the woman panted. "It's a hat. That girl in there! She's so magnetic. If I hadn't jibbed on my own hat and run as hard as I could she'd have made me buy a hat as big as all out doors, with a whole cherry tree on it that made me look like the very old Nick."

The Parental Kick.

Friend of the Family—is that young man coming to your house as a suitor for your daughter?

Father (with veiled meaning)—Yes, and he is a good one to boot.

Good Advice.

New that you are married, my son, listen to me.

"What is it, dad?"

"Try to be a husband, not merely an ex-husband."

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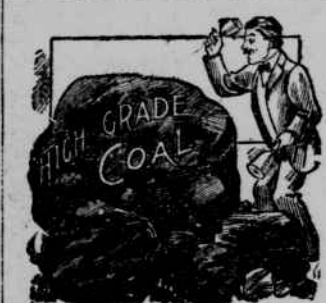
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NORFOLK & ATLANTIC TERMINAL

"Sewall's Point Route."

Effective Saturday, May 8th, 1909. Subject to change without notice.

| Leave Norfolk | Leave Sewall's Point | Leave Ship-yard | Leave Ivy Ave. Pier |
|---------------|----------------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| AM | AM | AM | AM |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 6:00 | 6:15 |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 8:05 | 8:22 |
| 9:45 | 10:15 | 9:20 | 9:37 |
| 11:00 | 11:30 | 10:35 | 10:52 |
| | | 11:50 | |
| PM | PM | PM | PM |
| 12:15 | 12:45 | 1:05 | 12:07 |
| 2:30 | 2:00 | 2:20 | 1:22 |
| 2:45 | 3:15 | 3:35 | 2:47 |
| 4:00 | 4:30 | 4:50 | 3:52 |
| 5:15 | 5:45 | 6:05 | 5:07 |
| 6:30 | 7:00 | 7:20 | 6:22 |
| 7:45 | 8:15 | 8:20 | 7:37 |
| 9:45 | 10:15 | 10:35 | 9:37 |
| 11:00 | 11:30 | 10:52 | |

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